

Dust In My Face

By Margaret Alicia (Farrell) (Cabey) Gage-Forrester 2012

Don't throw no dust in my Face,
We are supposed to be going the same place,
With one aim and ambition,
Travelling the narrow road in one direction,
So if you see me dragging my feet,
Remind me it's the Saviour I'm trying to meet,

Whenever I bend over, gently pick me up,
Don't let my stomach erupt,
Stretch forth your hand so I can recover,
Instead of watching me bent over,
Don't let me go blind,
Water, feed, awake my mind,

As you know this race is a process,
To progress one must continually confess,
So don't purposely push me behind,
Train me to renew my mind,
Hold my hands, nodge me forward in this race,
Instead of throwing dust in my face.

Why hit me and throw me off track,
Don't you know the lamp upon my feet will lead me back,
I neither want to see you go back,
Be trapped, hacked, nor go off track,
You don't want to be told, Go back and find,
Those confused people you left behind!
T'll be difficult thing to manuvre and push on,
You'll get crushed and trampled upon.

Think about it, the road is narrow,
The force of the people coming forward will hit you like an arrow,
Those people confused, bumping into walls unintentional,
They're blinded, can't see, dust in their eyes,
For the many times you raised the dust, unrecognize,
And the mere sight of this will make you delusional.

So let's grasp fast a new perspective, a new paradigm,
Running prepared steadfastly towards the finish line,
Let me remind you, we are sinners saved only by grace,
And it is through Jesus Christ alone our sins are erase,
So don't deliberately throw dust in anybody's face,
We are still trying to get to the same place.
Heaven bound, Jesus' crown.



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My Poetic Expressions